

Northchild

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Summary: It's back up ::sighs:: taking it off didn't do a bit a of good. Yiu don't have read it, I just like it, that's all.

Northchild

> <meta name="Generator"> My name is Jake

My name is Jake. Just Jake. If I told you who I was, the Yeerks would get me. I can't tell you where I go to school or where I live. If I do, I'll be dead. So will my friends, Rachel, Tobias, Cassie, Marco and Ax. But unlike the rest of us, Ax will tell you his whole name (Aximili Esgarrouth Isthil). And I'm not even sure if that is his real name. Maybe it's just one he liked. But I doubt that.

The Yeerks are a species like the Hork-Bajir or the Andalites. They're aliens all the same. But there is a big difference. Yeerks crawl into your ear and wrap themselves around your brain. They control you. And I don't see Andalites or Hork-Bajir doing that.

My brother, Tom, is a Controller. My best friend, Marco's his mother is a Controller. His mom is Visser One! Our vice principal, Chapman, is one of them. So you see, we can't tell who is a Controller and who isn't. The only way is a 24/7 surveillance to see if they go near a Yeerk pool entrance every three days for their precious Kandrona rays. Anyone can be a Controller. Your parents, your siblings, your best friend, your family, your teacher, the weatherman.

Even that dorky kid who works at the grocery store. Anyone.

The only ones who can stop them from taking over the planet earth are my friends and me. We are the Animorphs, animal morpher actually, given the power to morph by a dying Andalite prince named Elfangor.

Together, we fight the evil Yeerk empire till the last one. Battling

the evil Visser Three, the only Andalite Controller, till the day he surrenders and leaves our planet alone. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Sorry, I'd just had too many cokes. But it's true. All of it.

Not a lick of it is fake. No, I'm not some lunatic locked up in a room with a straitjacket on. No, I'm not a crazed killer (or am I) but seriously, I'm not. If I were crazy, they wouldn't let me on the Internet, knowing I'd lure a handful of eight year olds into their deathâ€|

Bball24- Look, I don't think I can kill you over the Internet. I'm not magic.

Northchild- Oh yeah. You are magic. Ha, ha, ha!

Bball24- Look, I don't know about you, but I can't kill you. Maybe if you go into ask.com and mess around with Jeeves, yeah, you can guarantee he'll climb out of your computer and strangle you.

Northchild- You're just saying thatâ€|Oh my Goshâ€|your Jeeves. Get away from me fatty.

Bball24- You're insane. You are crazy. I'm not Jeeves. I don't give you information on midis or find information on lyrics of songs. I'm not some stupid fat, old man that will show you things. I'm not him and that is insulting.

Northchild- You are! You are. Here's a question Jeevesâ€|where am I now? Am I in your house? ::presses Ask::

Bball24- Gee, I hope not.

Northchild- You are and you didn't answer my question.

Bball24- I'm not sure I understood your question correctly. ::go into spell check::

Northchild- I'm going.

Bball24- Blue skies smiling at meâ€|

I got off the Internet. I had to go to Cassie's barn for a meeting. I was still laughing about that insane little girl.

At first, we got into an argument, just petty little stuff like " You're so fat, when you jump, you get stuck in the sky" or

" You are so stupid, when the P. E. teacher told you to run, you asked how high" and just stuff like that. Then, we were saying we were going to kill each otherâ€|then she took it seriously. Then she argued me down that I could climb through my computer and kill her. I told her that wasn't true, when I should have listened to my heart and told her it was.

Well, now that was over and my position as Supreme Leader called, so I had no choice but to morph. I didn't want to ride my bike, too far. Besidesâ€|a bird is so much cooler.

I crouched over. I focused on the peregrine falcon DNA that was stored inside my body. I could see a tattoo pattern form, sort of like a rough sketch. Then it became actual feathers. While that happened, I was shrinking. Fingers turning into feathers, arms into wings, human legs into falcon legs, that had to be pretty gross looking.

My face bulged out, with my bird beak emerging from my human face. My weak human eyes were replaced with powerful falcon eyes.

Changes were occurring inside. My internal organs shifted around to fit the falcon. My bones shifted around, becoming the bones of the bird of prey I was changing into.

I looked around, and I was a pure falcon. Hopping to my windowsill, I took off.

I flew off my windowsill, gliding into the warm air. While riding a thermal up, I took in everything.

Let me tell you something: Nothing can compare to flying. You can see everything. Everything. Like I saw an elderly man watering his flowers, a forty year old woman huddling two ten year olds into a large white house, a cocker spaniel striding down the sidewalk while it's master called frantically for it to slow down and come back.

I passed over some trees, wondering when I would come to Cassie's barn, my destination. Over more trees, I came to it. The barn—or Wildlife Rehabilitation Clinic.

Both Cassie's parents are vets. Cassie's mom is a vet over at the Gardens. Her dad works at the barn, treating sick and messed up animals.

I landed and morphed back to human. I entered the barn.

" Hey Jake!" Cassie said as soon as I came in. I like Cassie. As in \_like\_. Yeah, she is pretty.

" Hey Cassie. What is this all about? I was chatting with a insane little girl who claimed I would crawl out of her computer and kill her and I told Jeeves from ask.com would do that if she messed with him." I said.

" Okay, whatever Jake. Sounds like you are just as insane." Marco said.

" He is. I should know. I'm his cousin. I'm sure he started it." Rachel said, winking at me.

" No one is crazy—" Cassie began.

" C'ept Marco. He is lost all sanity." Rachel said.

I agree with Rachel. Tobias said.

" So why were we called here?" I asked.

" Ereka had news. He called us." Cassie said. Ereka came in the second she said that.

" News?" I asked.

" You guys have hurt the Yeerksâ€¦in a bad way. Visser Three has gone nutsâ€¦"

" Like someone we know." Marco interrupted.

" Visser Three is hurting anyone who gets within a yard of him. He's also using human curse words."

" Well, that's good news, for once." I said.

I was home, on the Internet. No one else was at home with me. My mom and dad had gone out and Tom was at a major Sharing meeting. The Sharing is a Yeerk front organization.

I was on the Internet, like I said. Chatting with someone, and trying not to get too freaked out about the fact that it was a dark and stormy night and I was home alone.

Then, just as I was typing something, the power went out. Luckily, I had a flashlight with me. I had to go down stairs and into the basement. Ugh.

I flashed the flashlight down there.

" Hello?" I called out of pure curiosity. No answer. Good. No crazed killers were in my house.

I walked down the stairs, with each creaking when I took a step.

Bam!

I shined my flashlight at the source of the noise. The closet. Someone was here.

I crept to the closet, my heart beating faster with every thought.

My hand tensed as I reached to grab the doorknob. My sweaty hand gripped it. I turned it.

" Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" I screamed. Someone grabbed me. They had on a Halloween mask. I kicked them and ran, knocking into a table.

I ran, taking the stairs two at a time. Came in my room and got under the covers. I could hear someone coming up the stairs.

Thud!

Thud!

Thud! No movement. Creaaaak! The doorknob turned. And there stood the person that was in the basement.

No sound. Perfect quietness. No sound.

Snatch! The person pulled my covers and was now standing over my bed.

" Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" I screamed. I pushed the person down and ran down stairs and into the kitchen.

I frantically pulled open a drawer and got out a huge butcher knife. The lights clicked on. The person stood in the door way.

Clicked off.

Clicked on, the person moved one more foot.

Clicked off.

Clicked on, the person moved one more foot. Off and on came the lights and more and more came the person.

Till they were face to face with me. Then, the person began to strangle me.

" Stop!" I choked out. I grabbed the knife and in a flash, it was in their chest.

Thud! Down they went. I kneeled down and pulled off the mask. But the person was still alive. It was a girl.

" I am Northchild, Bball24 and I am dying now. Bye." They just dropped. An odd person with an odd death.

I just stood up and the lights came back on. I was in my room and I heard something outside in the hall. Thud! Thud!

End  
file.